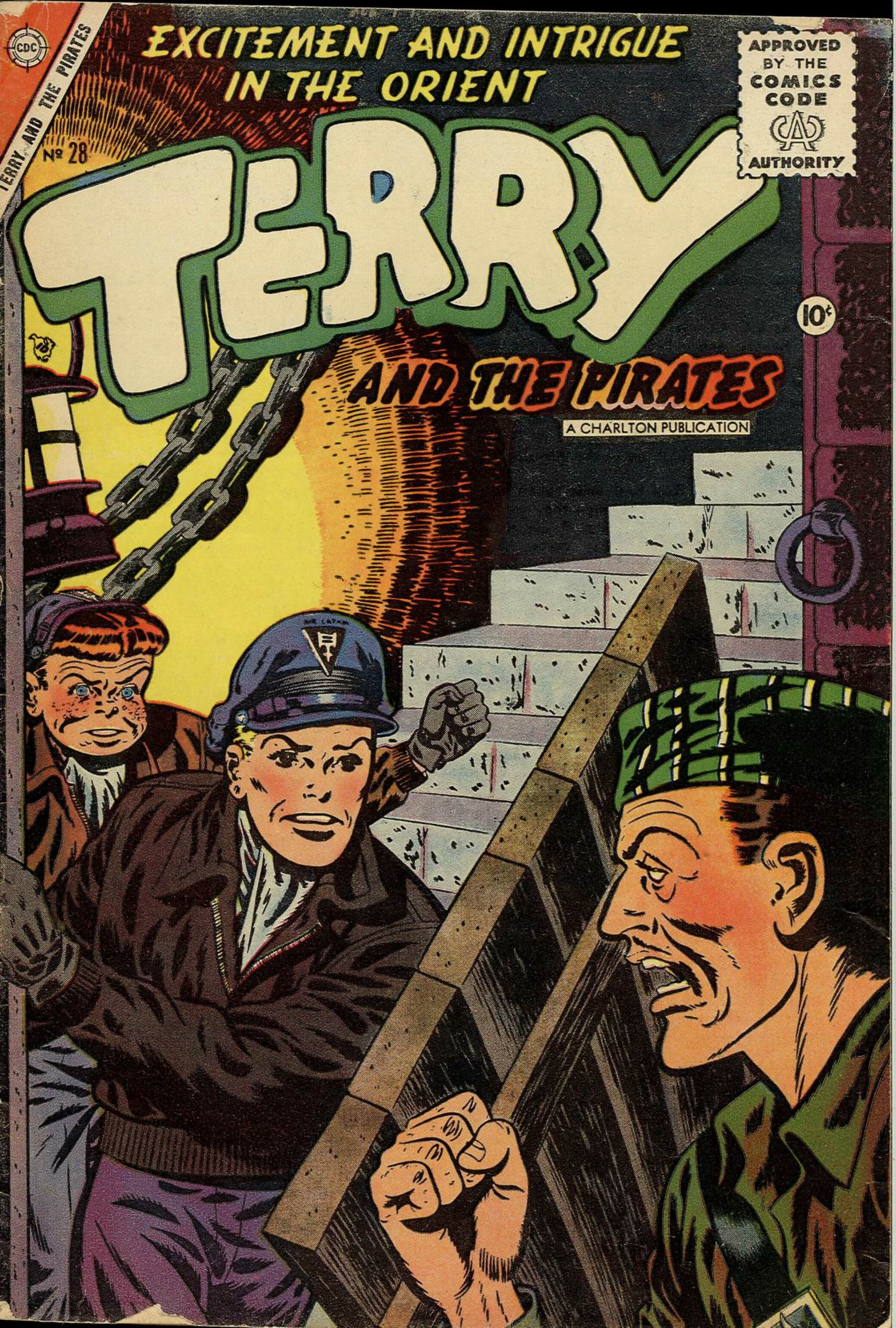
CDC
TERRY AND THE PIRATES
EXCITEMENT AND INTRIGUE IN THE ORIENT
№ 28
APPROVED BY THE COMICS CODE AUTHORITY
TERRY
10¢
AND THE PIRATES
A CHARLTON PUBLICATION

Supermouse
Startling Comics
Jetta
Mystery Comics
Fantastic Tales
Cosmo Cat
Startling Comics
Strange Mysteries
Daring Adventures
Startling Comics
Mystery Tales
Exciting Comics
Famous Funnies
Strange Worlds
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Jetta
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Eerie
Exciting Comics
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Search For Ermine

As C.C. Charles put it, when you're holding a twenty one whistle chick a prisoner, the chances are there'll be many a slip between the cell and the nearest policeman! Terry Lee learned that when Ermine Toy, the gal with the instincts of a pirate and the face of an angel, vanished into the snowy wastes of Tibet from a caravan stop high up in the Himalayas.

Chaz and T. Lee had undertaken a flying job to the snowy peaks when they were hired by one, Trek, a World War 2 spy who had hidden some loot in those parts. Miss Toy popped up as a larcenous ally but Terry and Chaz managed to win out over the forces of evil and collar the two for transportation back to justice. Enroute, a blizzard forced them to register at the local Ritz where Ermine flashed the ivories at an easily impressed caravan chief and thumbed a ride to parts unknown.

It was morning before ex-Capt. Lee learned that he'd lost his beautiful prisoner. Trek was enraged at her desertion but Chaz was happy, especially when they find the parts of their plane that Trek had removed when they'd first landed. True, Miss Toy was a baddie, but one of the prettiest thiefs you'd find. T. Lee was dismayed; perhaps because she was a criminal to be brought to justice — but then she had nice eyes and a cute way of using them!

Back at the offices of Air Cathay, Chopstick Joe's one man airline, Terry's report was instrumental in clearing Ol' Chops of police charges against him. The airlines owner felt sorry for Terry mooning over the escape of the girl. He stirred his cunning gray matter a while, then came up with a cargo for another city in Asia. He figured, knowing all about lammisters and their probable routes, just about where the demure little Dillinger would turn up.

The displaced Yankees land a few days later in a remote city in Southeast Asia. On arrival, the local gendarmes have the welcome mat rolled out, complete with grim faced goons waving artillery. T. Lee and Chaz are escorted to the office of the chief goon who turns out to be none other than **Pat Ryan**, old playmate of Terry's back in the days when the sampans were armored and a local swabbie knew more about submachineguns than he did about tying knots!

It was Old Home Week for a while until the after dinner talk disclosed that Pat was sitting on a powder keg. He tells the newly arrived flyboys how every word or move of theirs is spied on and the information sold somewhere. Back at his office, he points to an oil painting of **Count Theodore Bor**, an extinct buccaneer who succesfully took over the country and made a lot of loot.

Pilot Lee scoffs at the idea of a modern-day Blackbeard taking over. As he scoffs, however, a living character who is the twin of the poltroon in the painting, is doing his own conniving in a palace nearby. He knows about the arrival and arrest of the two Yankees and learns that they are friends of the police chief. He needs a pipeline into headquarters and nominates one of the two pilots for the job. Incidentally, this conniver's name is Bor too!

He concedes that his two possibilities are Yankees, therefore rich, and decides that a bribe won't do! Casting about for a tool, he discovers a beauty, recently arrived, and approaches her. Incidentally again, she turns out to be the fugitive Ermine Toy and the little beauty eagerly accepts the job of charming one of the pilots. She rightly guesses that it is Chaz and Terry on the Air Cathay job.

Her note to Terry confuses our hero; he's glad to hear from her but he wonders if he should return her to the gendarmes! C. C. Charles is his usual cynical self as he tells Terry to keep the appointment with Miss Toy. He sees the usual intrigue and adventure always to be found in George Wunder's exciting strip put out by the Chicago-Tribune New York News Syndicate in newspapers from coast to coast.

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TERRY AND THE PIRATES
by GEORGE WUNDER
PERFECT! YOU ACTED OUT OUR LITTLE PLAYLET SUPERBLY, MY DEAR. YOUNG LEE IS FRANTICALLY HAILING A CAB TO FOLLOW US IN.

HERE'S A TAXI NOW! SEE YOU LATER.
ROGER! I'LL CALL RYAN FROM THE TRAVEL BUREAU.

QUICK! GOTTA USE YOUR PHONE— POLICE MATTER.
BUT, OF COURSE, M'SIEU.
TRAVEL AGENCY
Air Fr

... LEMME TALK TO COMMANDANT RYAN ... HELLO, PAT? YEAH! LOOK, THINGS ARE POPPING. TERRY AND I SPOTTED ERMINE ON THE STREET A LITTLE WHILE AGO. SHE WALKED RIGHT PAST US AND INTO THIS TRAVEL BUREAU THAT I'M CALLING FROM...

TRAVEL BUREAU?
RIGHT! SHE BOUGHT TICKETS TO RIDE ON SOMETHING OR OTHER, CAME OUT AND CLIMBED INTO A CAR THAT DROVE UP JUST THEN. LOTTA BAGGAGE ON THE REAR OF THE CAR... TERRY'S TRAILING IN A TAXI...

SAY NO MORE... I'LL JOIN YOU IN A FEW MOMENTS... MEANWHILE, GET HOLD OF THE CLERK WHO WAITED ON ERMINE AND FIND OUT WHAT DESTINATION WAS PRINTED ON THOSE TICKETS.

GIVE HEED, MY CHUM. REMEMBER THE DOLL WHO WAS IN HERE A WHILE AGO? WHERE WILL THOSE TICKETS YOU SOLD HER BUY A RIDE TO?
DOLL? BUT, OF COURSE! M'SIEU MEANS THE YOUNG LADY — QUITE CHARMING, TOO! SHE PURCHASED NO TICKETS.

LET US NOT BE COY, MY GOOD MAN, OR OL' HOTSHOT WILL BE FORCED TO TEAR OFF YOUR CARNATION — NOW, WHERE...
BUT, PLEASE, M'SIEU — I DO NOT LIE. THE YOUNG LADY MERELY INQUIRED AS TO THE SHIP SAILINGS TO SEVERAL DIFFERENT PORTS

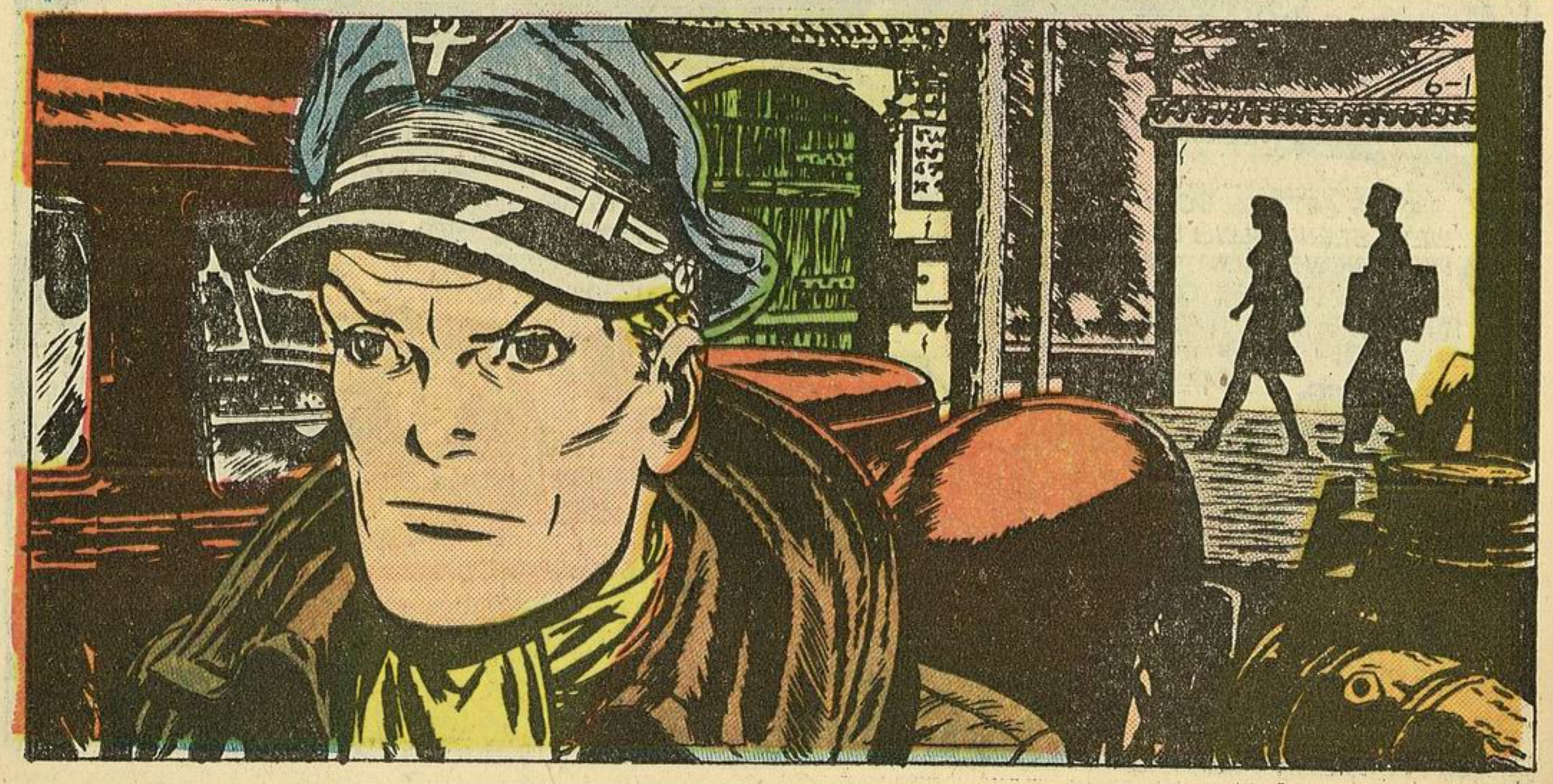
I'D ALMOST BELIEVE THAT — IF I HADN'T SEEN HER PUTTING A SMALL ENVELOPE INTO HER BAG AS SHE LEFT HERE.

SMALL ENVELOPE? BUT CERTAINLY, M'SIEU. THE LADY WAS KIND ENOUGH TO ASK FOR SEVERAL OF MY BUSINESS CARDS TO DISTRIBUTE AMONG HER FRIENDS. I PUT THE CARDS IN ONE OF OUR REGULAR ENVELOPES.
TRAVEL AGENCY

BUSINESS CARDS! CHARLES, YOU DUMB YOKEL! I'M GETTING THE MOST HORRIBLE FEELING THAT YOU SHOULD HAVE STAYED OUT OF THE DETECTIVE BUSINESS.
5-2

TERRY AND THE PIRATES

TERRY AND THE PIRATES



TERRY AND THE PIRATES

TERRY
AND THE PIRATES
by GEORGE WUNDER
YOU FIGURED IT OUT NICE AND SMOOTH, DIDN'T YOU, FATSO? YOU HAD ERMINE GO THROUGH AN ELABORATE CHARADE TO GET ME TO FOLLOW HER RIGHT HERE — TO MY OWN PLANE!

YOUR RECRIMINATIONS MAKE DULL LISTENING, MY FRIEND, AND THEY MERELY DELAY YOUR FLYING ME OUT OF HERE... YOU WILL GO AT ONCE TO THE CONTROLS OF YOUR AIRCRAFT AND PREPARE TO TAKE OFF ONE OF MY MEN WILL GO ALONG TO MAKE SURE THAT YOU ATTEMPT NOTHING RECKLESS.

AS FOR YOU, MY DEAR, YOU WILL TAKE THE CAR AND RETURN AT ONCE TO THE CITY. YOU KNOW WHERE TO HIDE OUT, AND WHEN TO CARRY OUT THE REST OF MY ORDERS.
OF COURSE... BUT REMEMBER, I DON'T WANT TERRY HURT.

TROL

6-8
IT'S THE MANAGER OF THE SERVICING CONCESSION AT THE AIRPORT. IT SEEMS THAT THE AIR CATHAY DC-3 TRANSPORT THAT'S BEEN LAYING OVER OUT THERE IS NOW TAKING OFF WITHOUT PAYING FOR THE GAS AND OIL THAT WAS PUT INTO IT THIS AFTERNOON.

TERRY AND THE PIRATES

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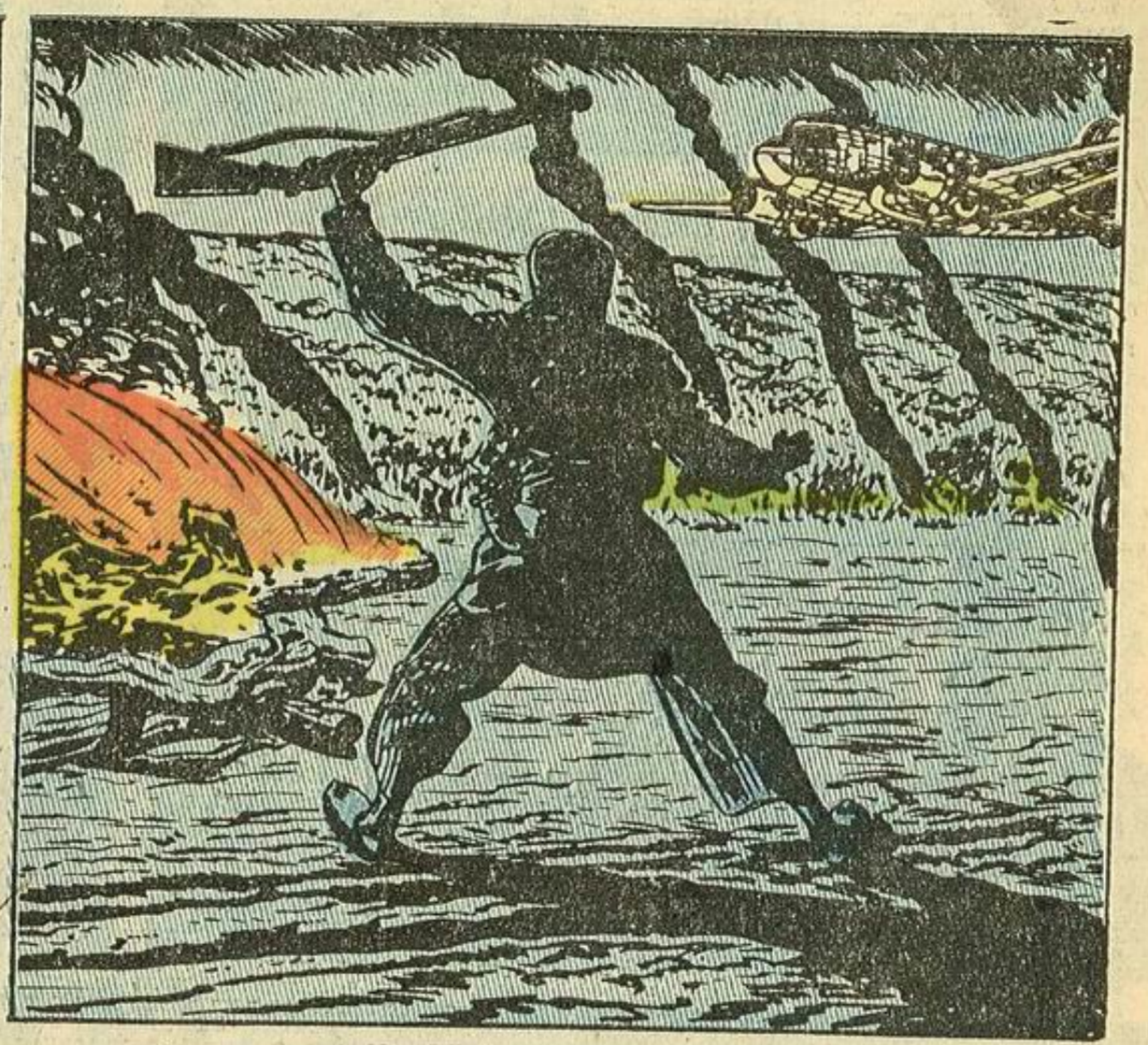

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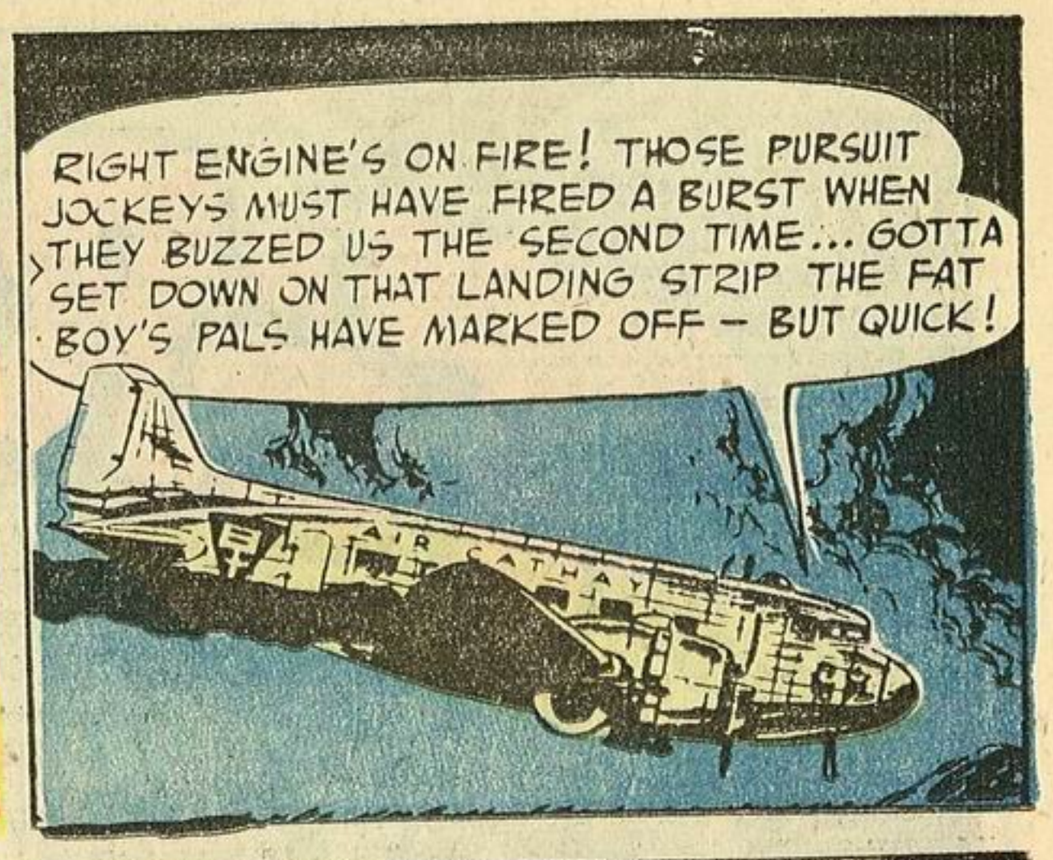
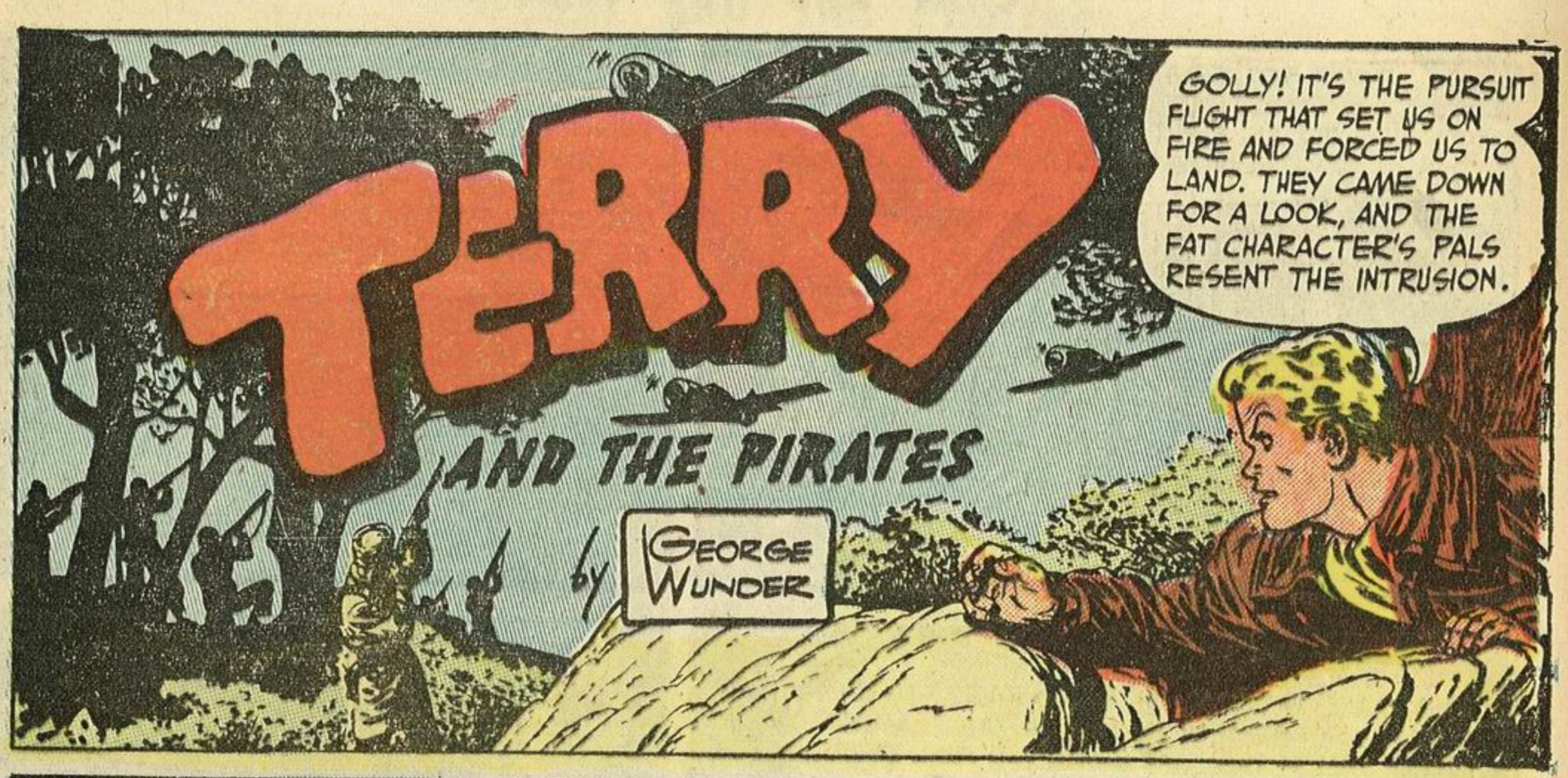



TERRY
AND THE PIRATES
by GEORGE WUNDER
GOLLY! IT'S THE PURSUIT FLIGHT THAT SET US ON FIRE AND FORCED US TO LAND. THEY CAME DOWN FOR A LOOK, AND THE FAT CHARACTER'S PALS RESENT THE INTRUSION.

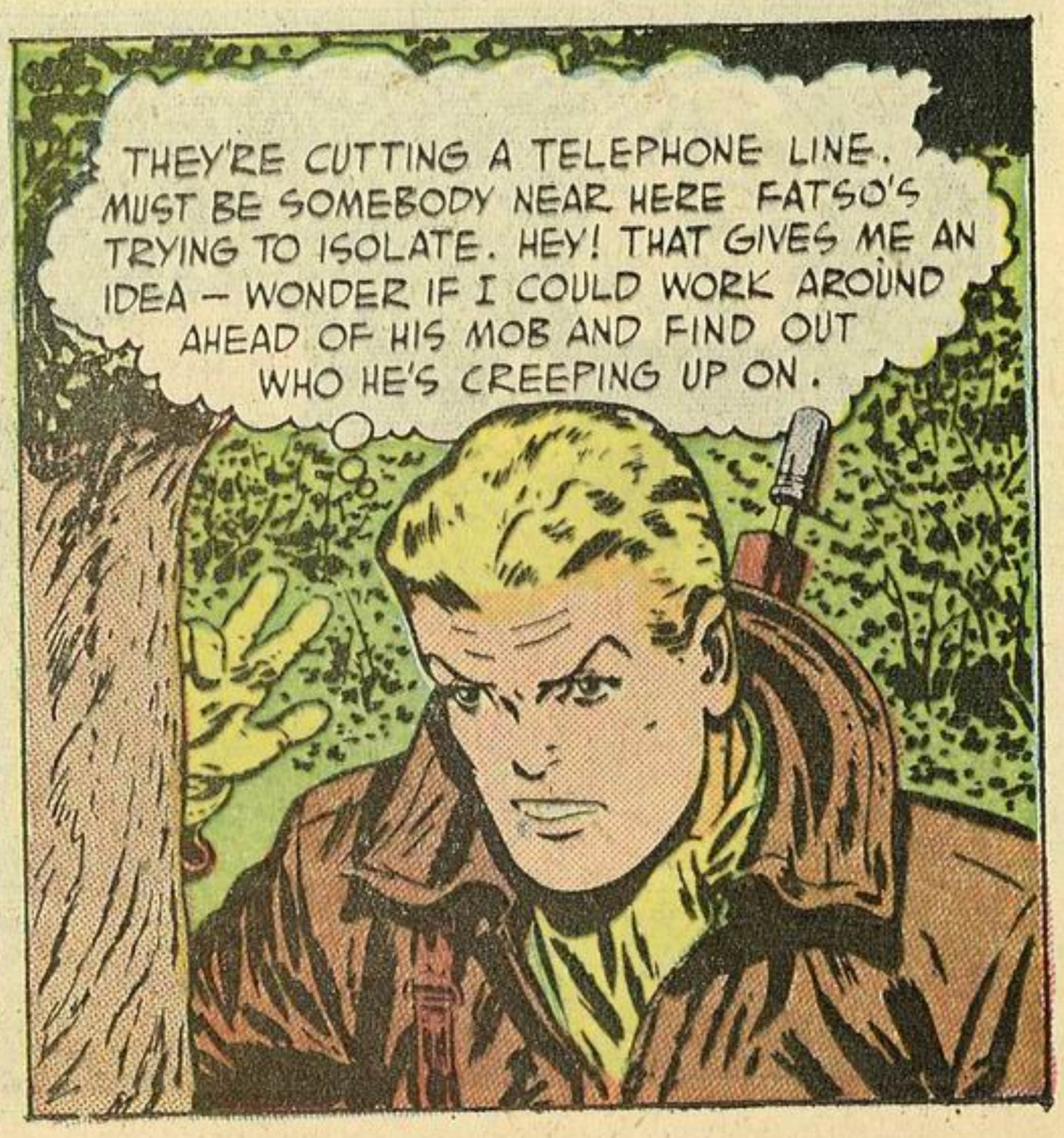
YOU! WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE? WHERE IS YOUR PRISONER, TERRY LEE?

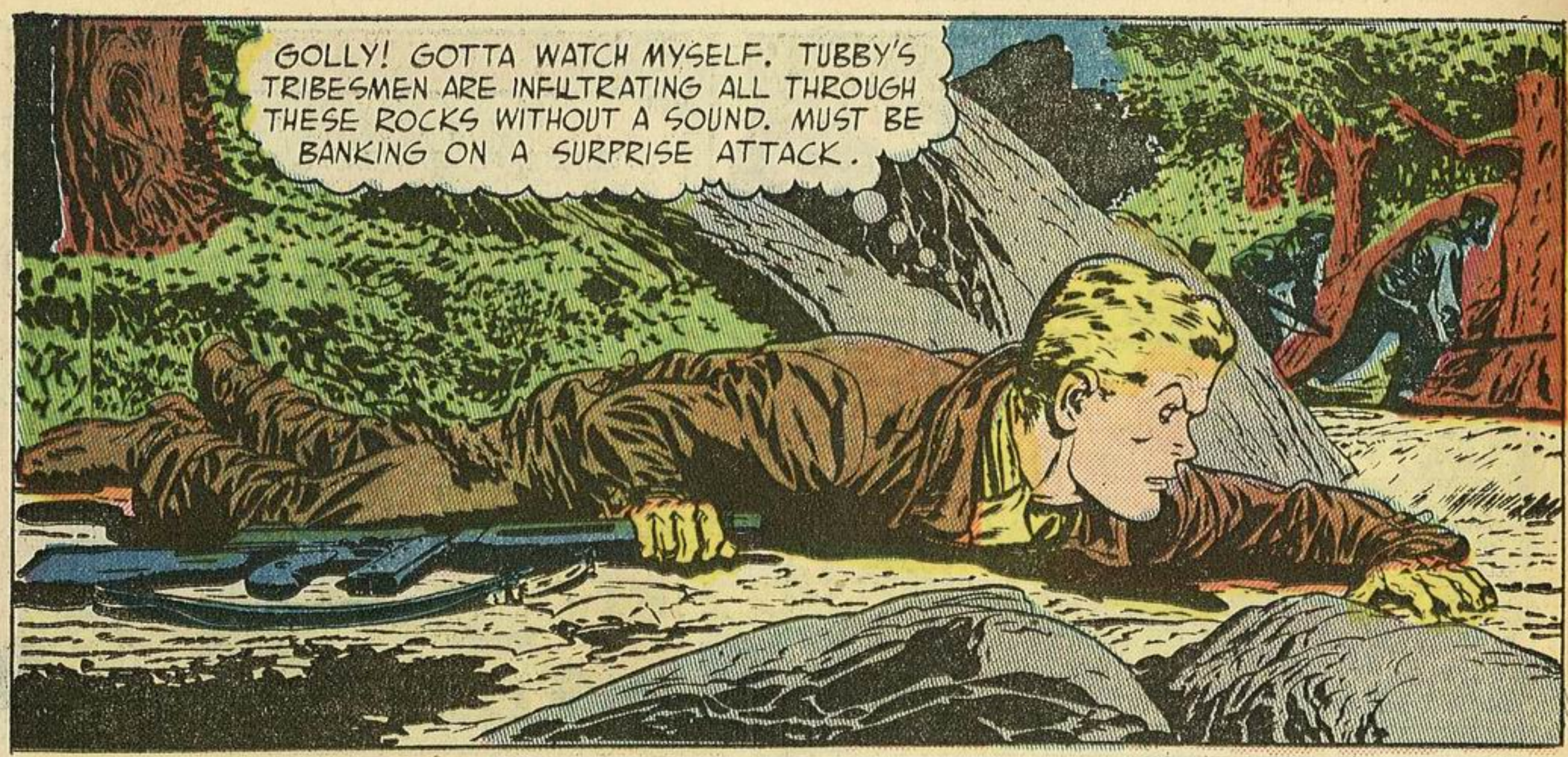
HAVE MERCY, MASTER! THE PILOT LEE FRIGHTENED ME WITH TALK THAT THE FIRE IN THE PLANE'S ENGINE WOULD EXPLODE THE FUEL TANKS. I WENT TO A SAFE DISTANCE, THEN WHEN I SAW THE FIRE GO OUT, I RETURNED BUT HE HAD ESCAPED...

ENOUGH! ALI, MY FRIEND, HAVE YOUR PEOPLE DISPOSE OF THIS CARRION. I WISH AN EXAMPLE MADE OF HIM AS A WARNING TO ANY OTHERS WHO MAY GROW FAINT OF HEART.
IT WILL BE DONE... AND THE OTHER— THE PILOT HE ALLOWED TO ESCAPE?

THERE IS NO TIME TO SEARCH FOR HIM. WE MUST LEAVE HERE IMMEDIATELY. THE MILITARY AIR PATROL MAY HAVE RECOVERED FROM THEIR SHOCK AT THE RECEPTION YOUR MEN GAVE THEM, AND RETURN TO STRAFE US.

TERRY AND THE PIRATES



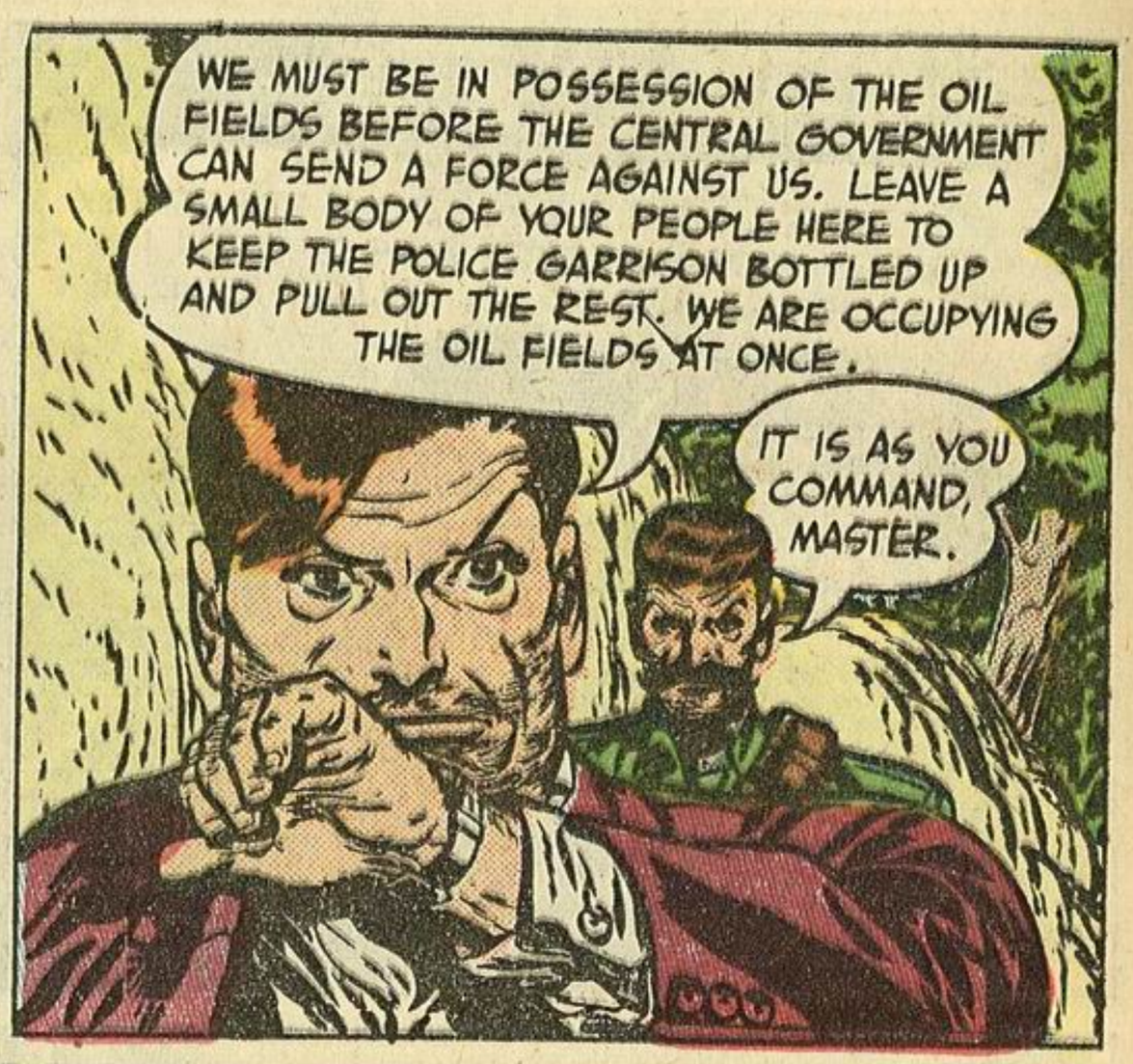

GOLLY! GOTTA WATCH MYSELF. TUBBY'S TRIBESMEN ARE INFILTRATING ALL THROUGH THESE ROCKS WITHOUT A SOUND. MUST BE BANKING ON A SURPRISE ATTACK.

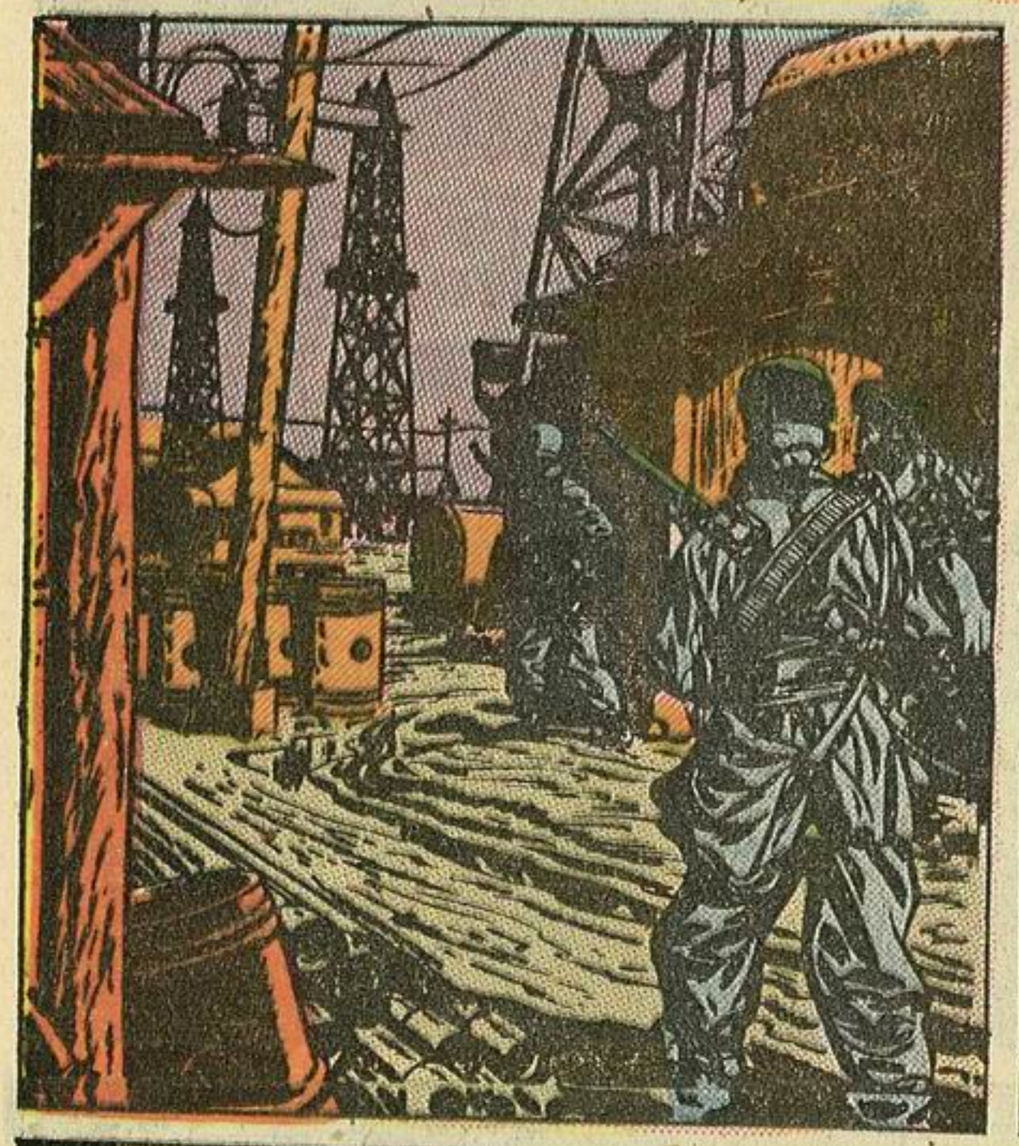
TRIBESMEN ON EITHER SIDE OF ME. THEY'D KNOCK ME OVER BEFORE I TOOK TWO STEPS OUT THERE IN THE OPEN. THIS WILL HAVE TO BE A FANCY JOB. WELL, HERE WE GO — THE EIGHT BALL IN THE SIDE POCKET.

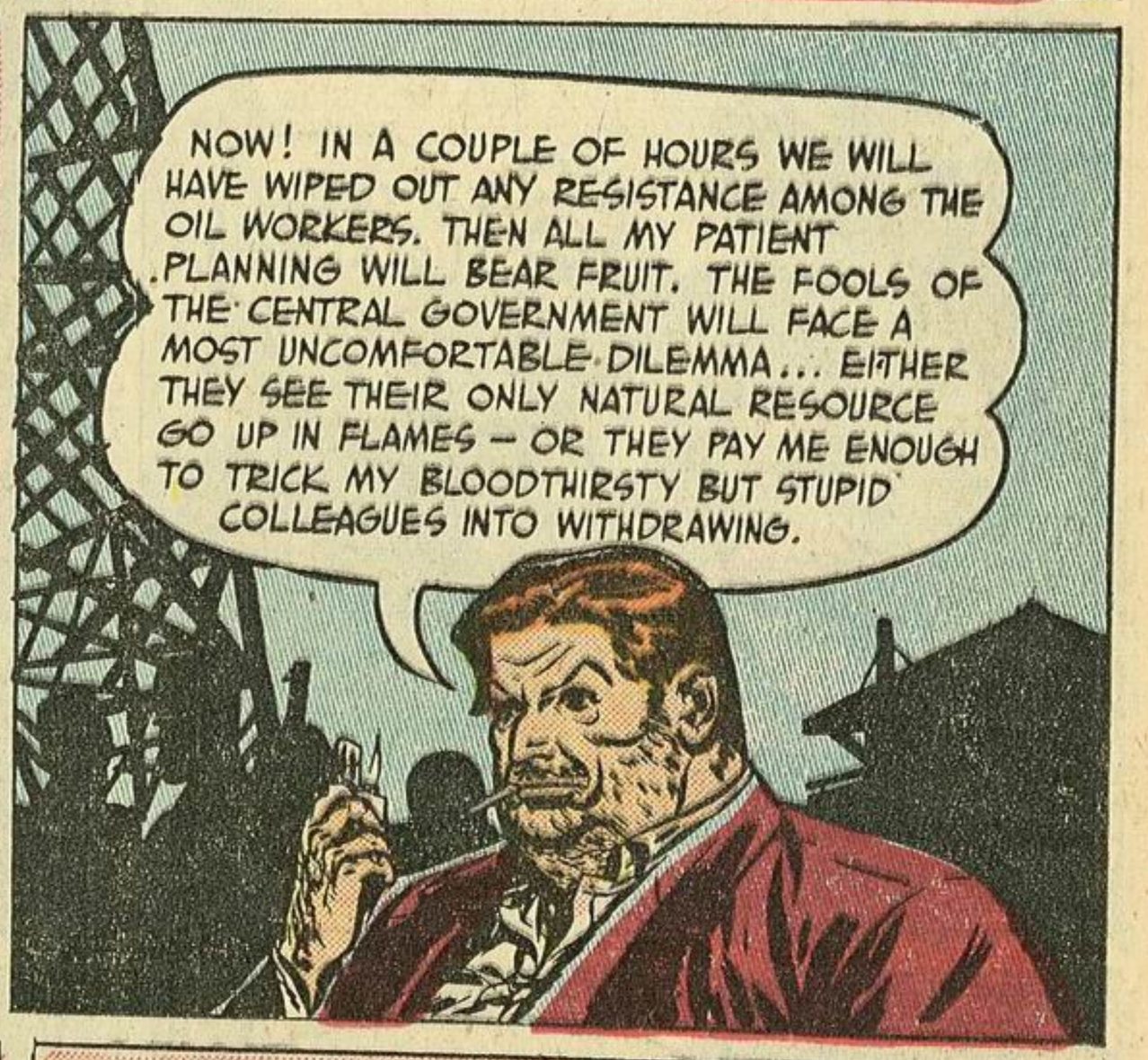
THAT'S THEIR OBJECTIVE, ALL RIGHT. LOOKS LIKE A GENDARMERIE POST. THERE'S A SENTRY PARKED IN THE SHADE — PROBABLY ASLEEP. GOTTA WARN HIM.

TERRY AND THE PIRATES

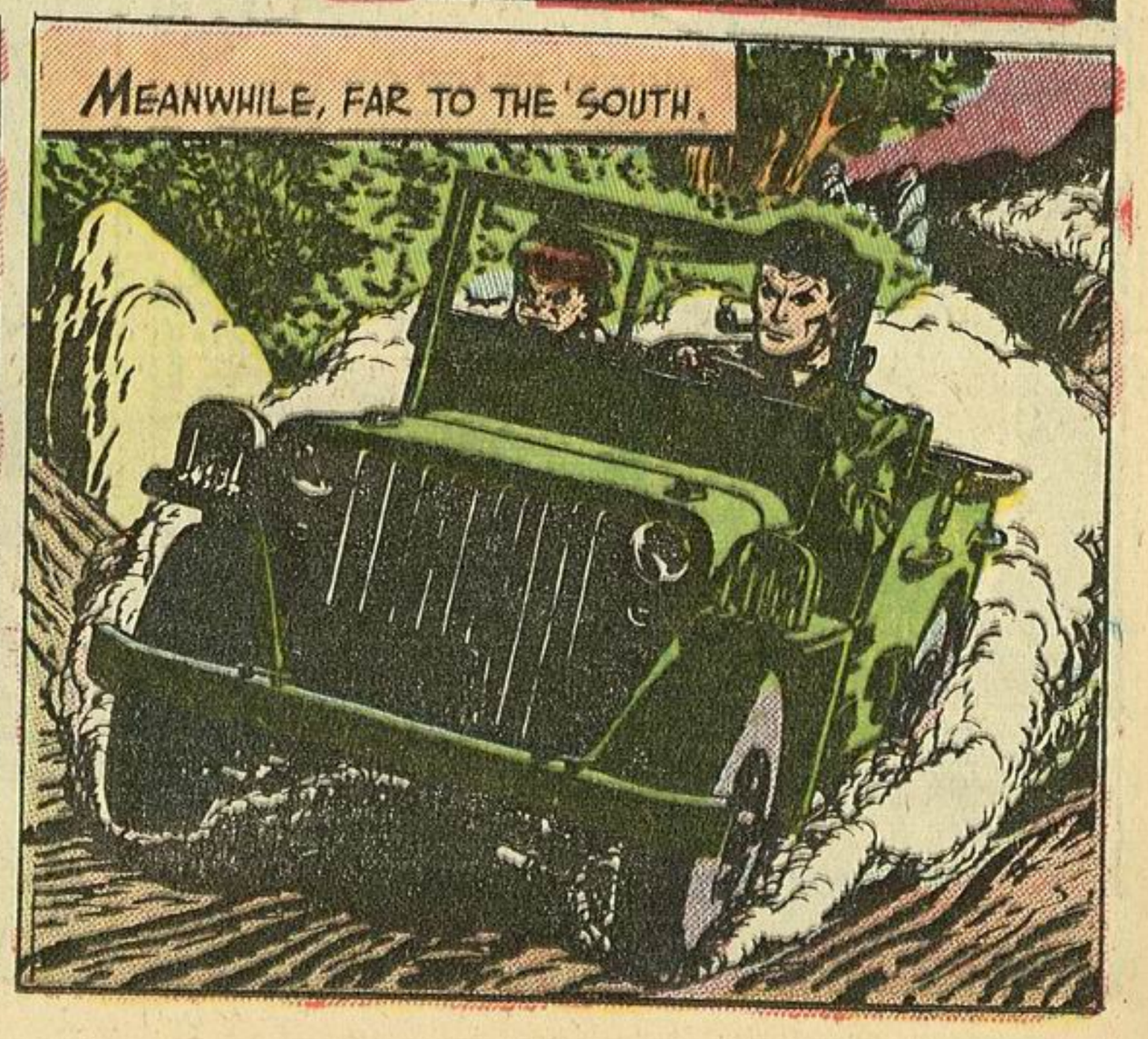
UPON MY DAGGER, MASTER, I SWEAR THE SHOTS WERE FIRED FROM AN AUTOMATIC WEAPON. NONE OF MY PEOPLE HAVE SUCH A GUN.
ENOUGH! FOOL OR ENEMY, HE HAS SUCCEEDED IN DELAYING US TOO LONG ALREADY. WE CAN RISK NO FURTHER DEVIATIONS FROM OUR TIME SCHEDULE.


WE MUST BE IN POSSESSION OF THE OIL FIELDS BEFORE THE CENTRAL GOVERNMENT CAN SEND A FORCE AGAINST US. LEAVE A SMALL BODY OF YOUR PEOPLE HERE TO KEEP THE POLICE GARRISON BOTTLED UP AND PULL OUT THE REST. WE ARE OCCUPYING THE OIL FIELDS AT ONCE.
IT IS AS YOU COMMAND, MASTER.




NOW! IN A COUPLE OF HOURS WE WILL HAVE WIPED OUT ANY RESISTANCE AMONG THE OIL WORKERS. THEN ALL MY PATIENT PLANNING WILL BEAR FRUIT. THE FOOLS OF THE CENTRAL GOVERNMENT WILL FACE A MOST UNCOMFORTABLE DILEMMA... EITHER THEY SEE THEIR ONLY NATURAL RESOURCE GO UP IN FLAMES — OR THEY PAY ME ENOUGH TO TRICK MY BLOODTHIRSTY BUT STUPID COLLEAGUES INTO WITHDRAWING.

NOW! IF THERE WERE ONLY SOME WAY OF MAKING HIS HOLDING-FORCE DOWN THERE FORGET THAT GATE LONG ENOUGH FOR THOSE COPS TO BREAK OUT, WE MIGHT HAVE A CHANCE TO LOUSE UP HIS TIMETABLE SOME MORE.

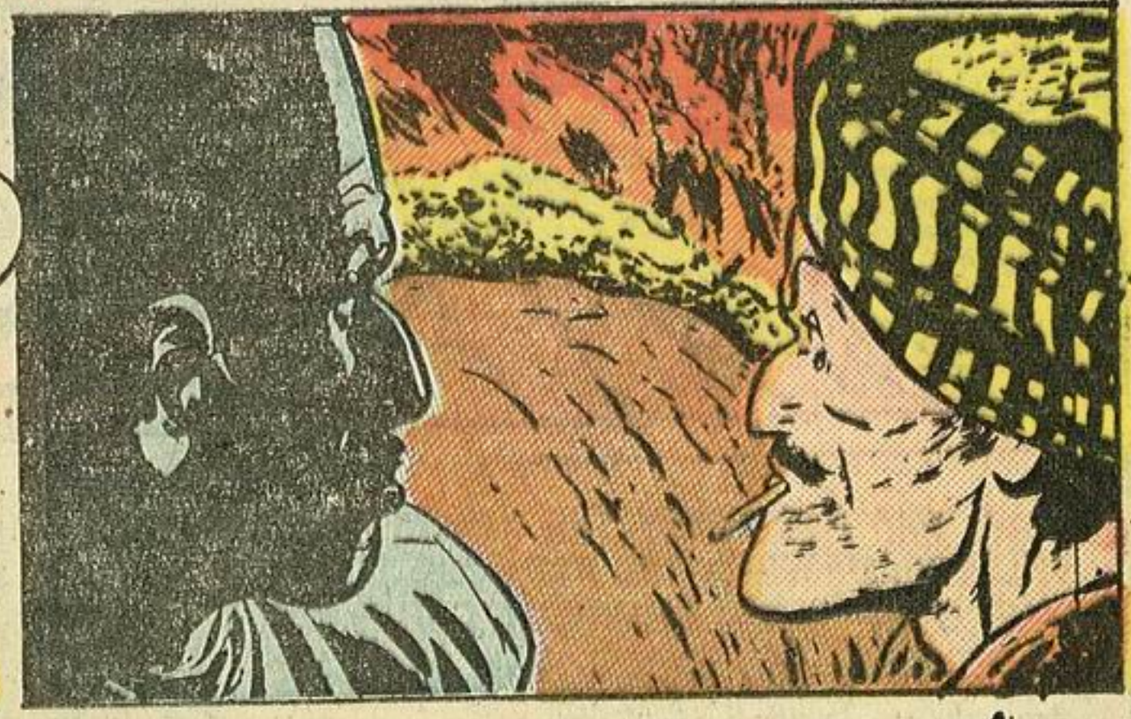

MEANWHILE, FAR TO THE SOUTH.

TERRY
AND THE PIRATES
by GEORGE WUNDER
BY THIS TIME PAT MUST KNOW WHAT THE FAT BOY'S PLAY IS BUT, UNLESS I CAN COOK UP SOMETHING BRIGHT TO DELAY THINGS, HE'S GOING TO BE TOO LATE — AND ONCE TUBBY HOLDS THE OIL FIELDS, HE PICKS UP THE MARBLES.

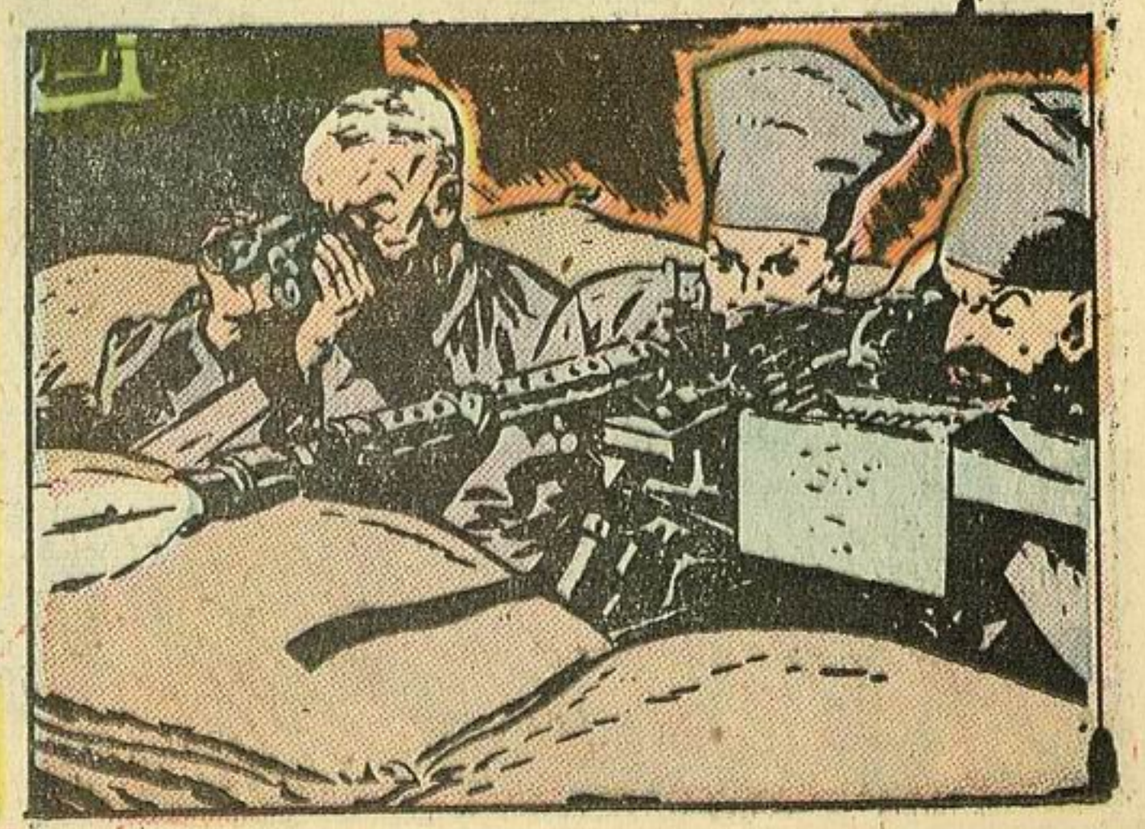
THIS LOOKS LIKE A GOOD ENOUGH SPOT... BRUSH IS AS DRY AS TINDER... WIND'S RIGHT... AND IF THOSE LADS WITH THE MACHINE GUN ON THE ROOF OF THAT POLICE POST HAVEN'T FALLEN ASLEEP AGAIN, THEY'RE GOING TO HAVE A CHANCE AT A REAL, OLD-FASHIONED TURKEY SHOOT.

IT'S CATCHING! LUCKY THIS BRUSH IS DRY... NOW, IF THE WIND WILL ONLY HOLD, THERE OUGHT TO BE A BRISK MARKET FOR GAS MASKS AMONG THE SNIPING GENTRY DOWN IN THOSE ROCKS.

BY THE BEARD OF MY FATHERS, THIS IS DULL WORK. THOSE ACCURSED POLICE KEEP THEMSELVES WELL HIDDEN.
WAIT! THERE IS A BITTER SMELL IN THE WIND...

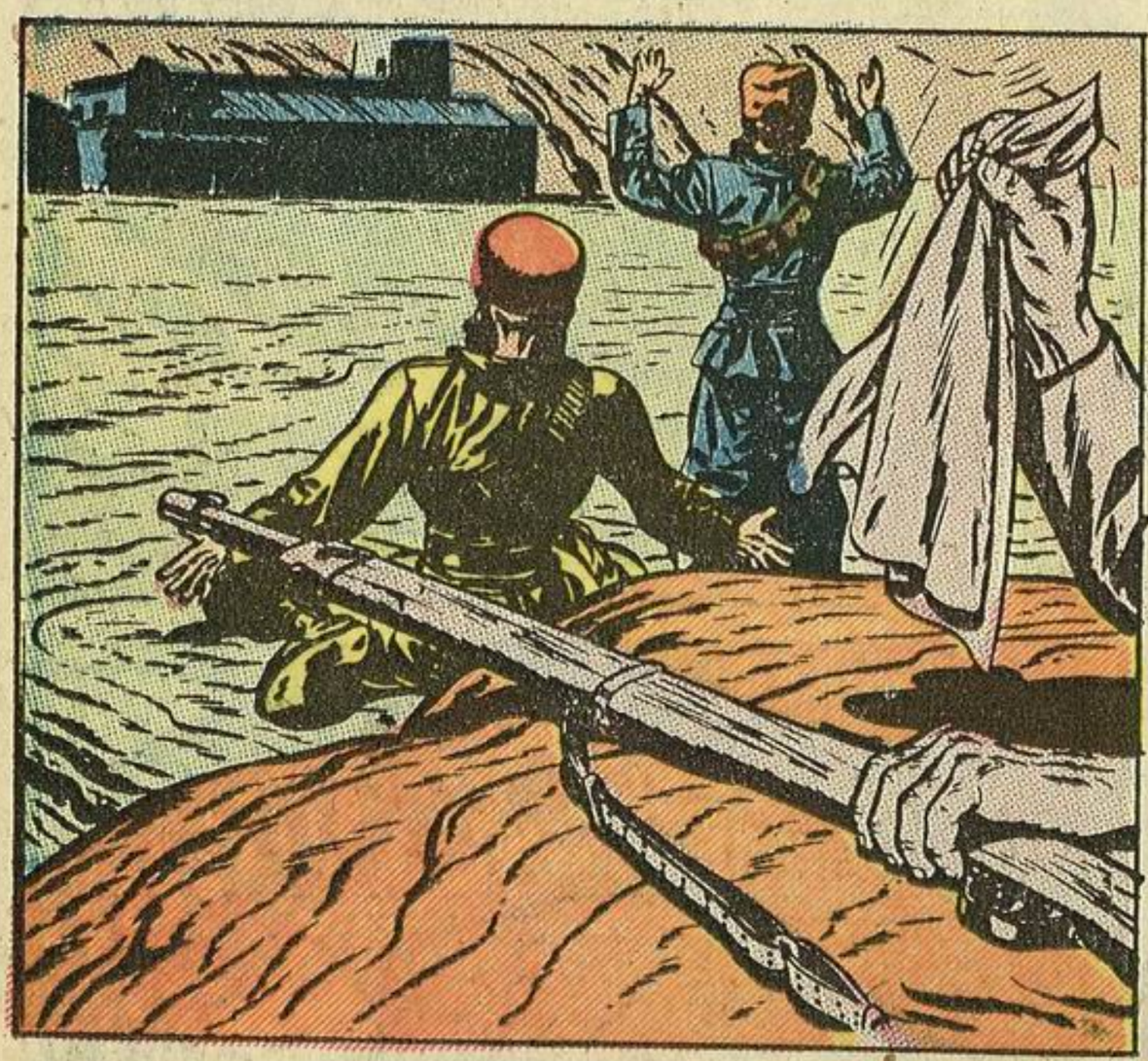


FIRE! RUN, IF YOU RELISH LIFE. FLEE FROM THE CHOKING DEATH.
NO, YOU FOOLS — NOT OUT INTO THE OPEN. THE POLICE...



YOU FOOLS! NO!... COME BACK.

ENOUGH! CEASE FIRING. THIS CREW OF MILVIL SWINE SEEMS TO BE SOMEWHAT EMBARRASSED.

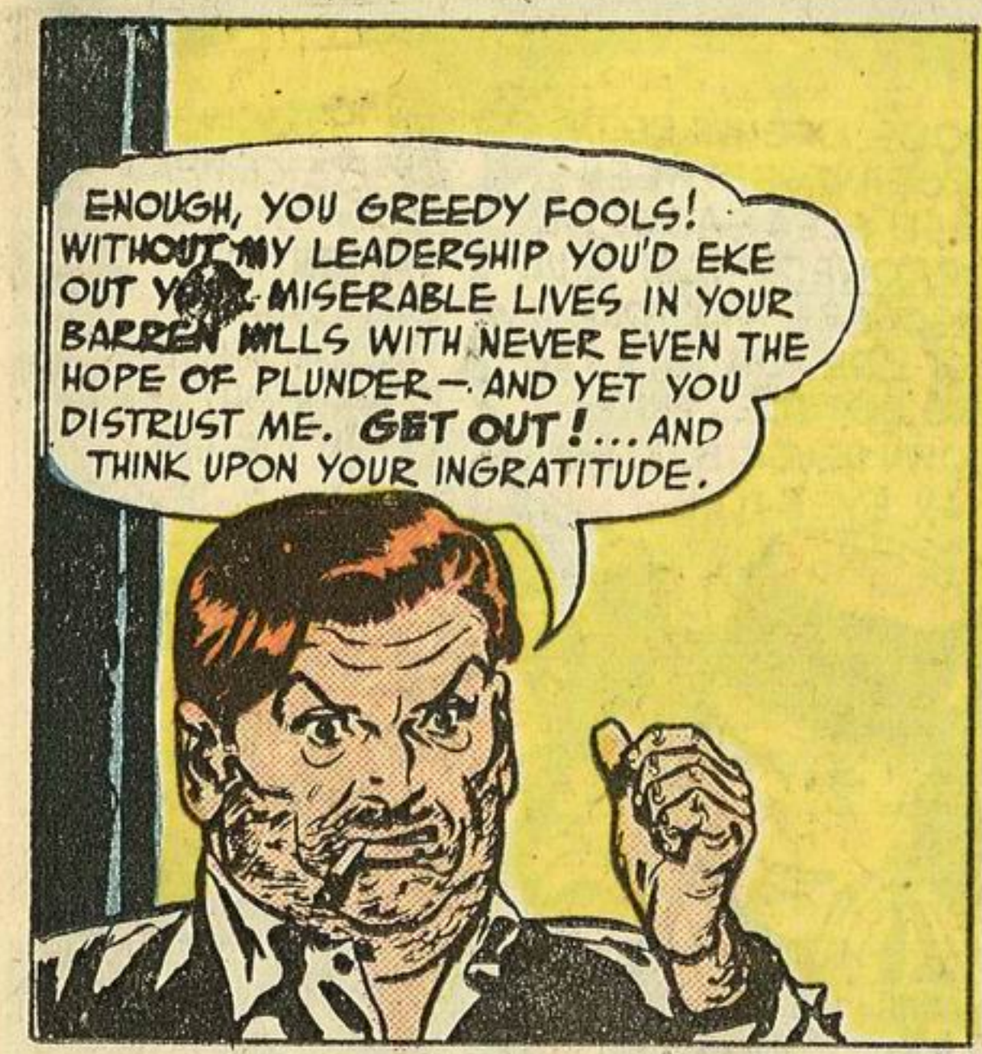


...AND AT THE OIL FIELD...
THE OIL WORKERS HAVE BEEN DRIVEN OFF, MASTER BOR, AND WE ARE IN COMPLETE POSSESSION.
EXCELLENT! IS THERE A SUITABLE BUILDING FOR MY QUARTERS?

THIS WAS FORMERLY THE ADMINISTRATION BUILDING, MASTER. THE PREVIOUS TENANTS HAVE BEEN — AH, REMOVED... THE OTHER CHIEFTAINS ARE THERE NOW, AWAITING YOUR PLEASURE.

AYE, MASTER BOR, WE'VE HAD THE FIGHT YOU PROMISED US... NOW, WHERE AMONG THIS CLANKING FOREST OF MACHINES DO WE FIND THE LOOT YOU ALSO PROMISED?

TERRY AND THE PIRATES



TERRY AND THE PIRATES

TERRY
AND THE PIRATES
by GEORGE WUNDER

QUICK! WHAT IS HE SAYING?

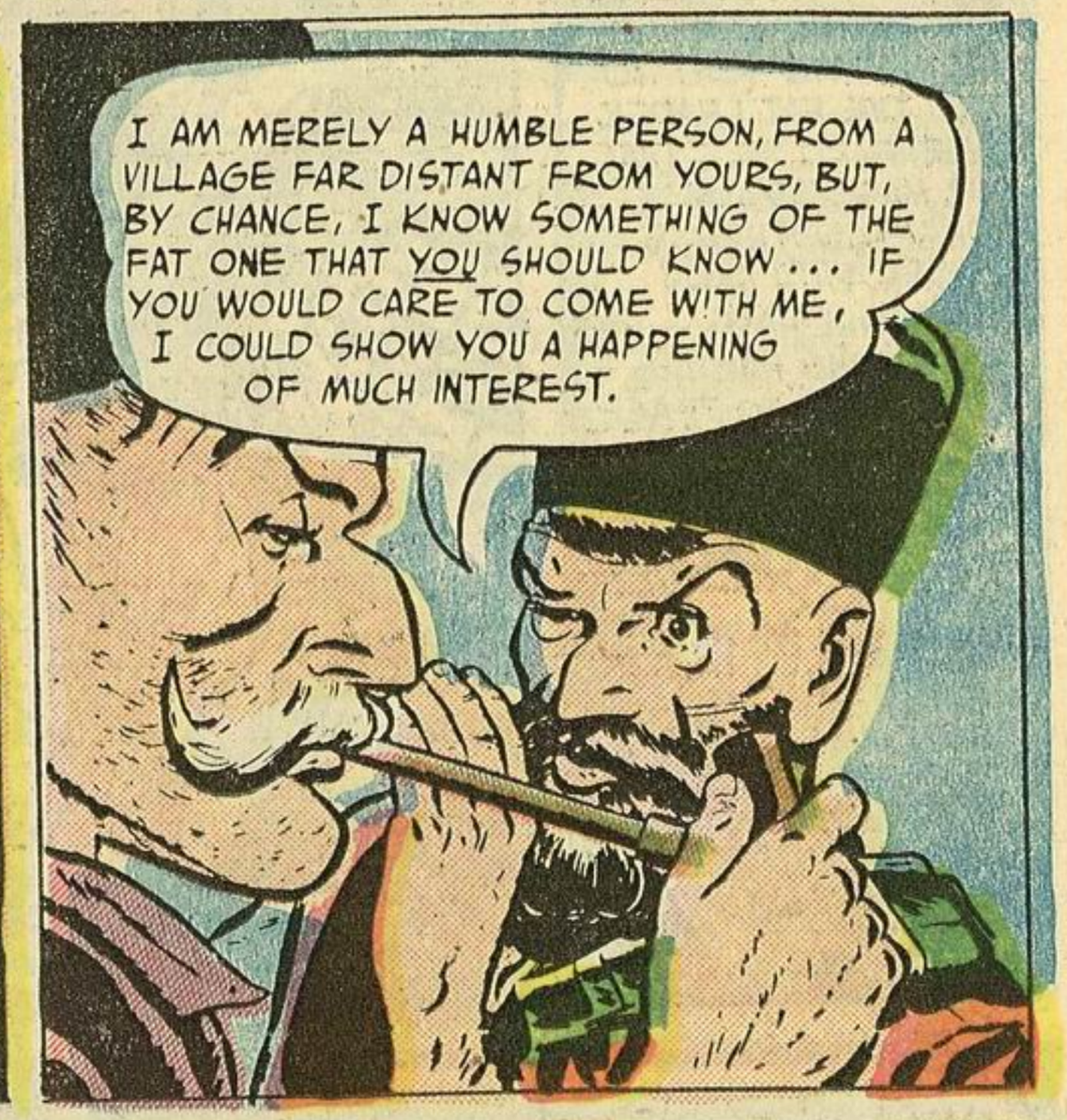
M'SIEU LEE! THE MAN WE SENT TO FIND THE FAT LEADER OVERHEARD TALK THAT OUR MASQUERADE IN THESE CLOTHES IS KNOWN. WITH DAWN THEY WILL HAVE SEARCHING PARTIES WITH DOGS TO TRACE US HERE.

OK. LISTEN CLOSELY, AND TRANSLATE FOR YOUR MEN AS I GO ALONG. NOW, HERE IS WHAT I WANT EACH MAN TO DO...

...AND WAIT UNTIL THOSE UPCOUNTRY GENTS WHO DON'T THINK THERE'S MUCH LOOT AROUND THESE PARTS GET A LOOK AT THIS.

YI, YI! SO NOW WE MAKE JOKES, EH? WITH A HANDFUL OF BROKEN GLASS WE CONVINCE THESE UNWASHED MOUNTAIN DEVILS THAT THEIR LEADER HOLDS OUT A VAST FORTUNE IN GEMS. IT WILL BE VERY FUNNY — IF IT WORKS!

TERRY AND THE PIRATES



THERE'S ONLY ONE BULK LIKE THAT IN THIS CAMP— IT'S BOR. BUT FOR WHAT FOUL REASON DOES HE RUN, LIKE A THIEF IN THE NIGHT.
PERHAPS IF WE FOLLOWED, WE MIGHT LEARN THE ANSWER. OH, WISE ONE, LOOK! HE HEADS FOR THAT ALLEY.

WE'LL LOSE HIM! FOR ALL HIS GREAT SIZE HE HAS THE SPEED OF AN ANTELOPE.

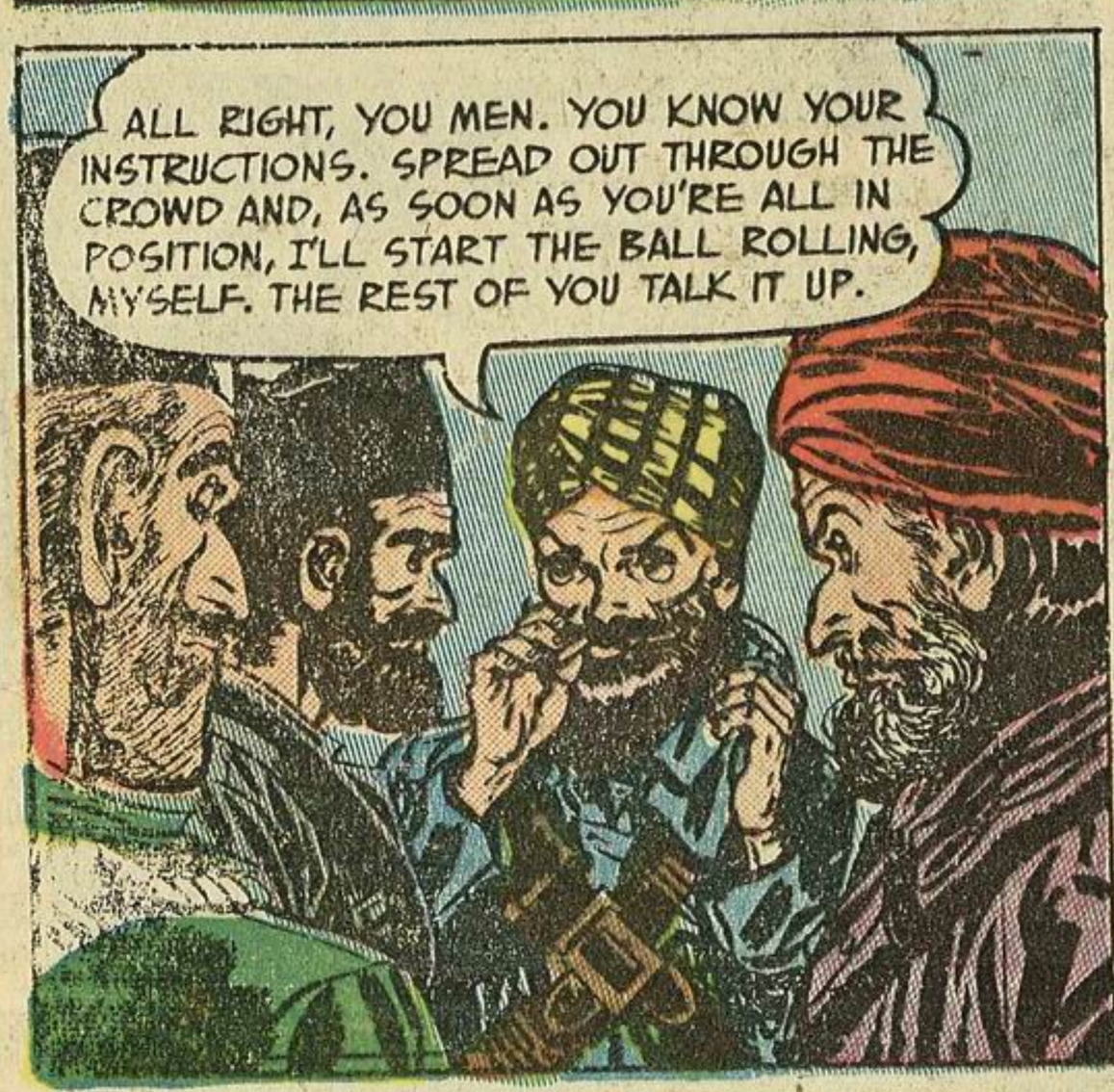
HE'S GONE!
NO! LOOK! HERE, BENEATH THIS WINDOW.

LOOK, OH ANCIENT! THE FAT ONE DISAPPEARED DOWN THIS ALLEY AND HERE, BENEATH A WINDOW OF HIS QUARTERS, LIES THIS.
STILL YOUR TONGUE AND OPEN IT.

BY THE SWORD OF THE PROPHET! THEY LOOK LIKE— THEY MUST BE— JEWELS!
SO THERE WAS NO LOOT HERE, EH! FOR US THERE WAS NONE, BUT FOR OUR GREAT LEADER IT SEEMS THERE WAS A FORTUNE— AND ALL FOR HIMSELF...

AROUSE, YE MOUNTAIN MEN! ..TREACHERY!

TERRY
AND THE PIRATES
by GEORGE WUNDER
WHEW! HAD TO TRAVEL FAST TO GET OUT OF SIGHT BEFORE THAT OLD BANDIT, WITH YOUR MAN EGGING HIM ON, REACHED THE ALLEY... HERE, HELP ME GET THESE GUNNY SACKS OFF...GOLLY! LISTEN TO THAT RUCKUS!


ALL RIGHT, YOU MEN. YOU KNOW YOUR INSTRUCTIONS. SPREAD OUT THROUGH THE CROWD AND, AS SOON AS YOU'RE ALL IN POSITION, I'LL START THE BALL ROLLING, MYSELF. THE REST OF YOU TALK IT UP.

BOR! WHAT HAS HE TO DO WITH THESE BAUBLES?
I'LL TELL YOU WHAT HE HAS TO DO WITH 'EM. A YOUNG LAD AND M'SELF SAW THE TRAITOR SNEAK DOWN AN ALLEY, BEHIND HIS QUARTERS. WHEN WE GOT THERE, HE WAS GONE, BUT WE FOUND THIS BAG BENEATH HIS WINDOW.

ENOUGH OF THIS CHIN WAGGING! THE FAT ONE HAS A KING'S RANSOM AND WE HAVE NOTHING. I SAY LET'S GET THE FAT MAN!

GET THE FAT MAN!
GET THE FAT MAN!

TERRY AND THE PIRATES

LANCE O'CASEY

RAIDS THE ANTARCTIC HIDE-OUT!

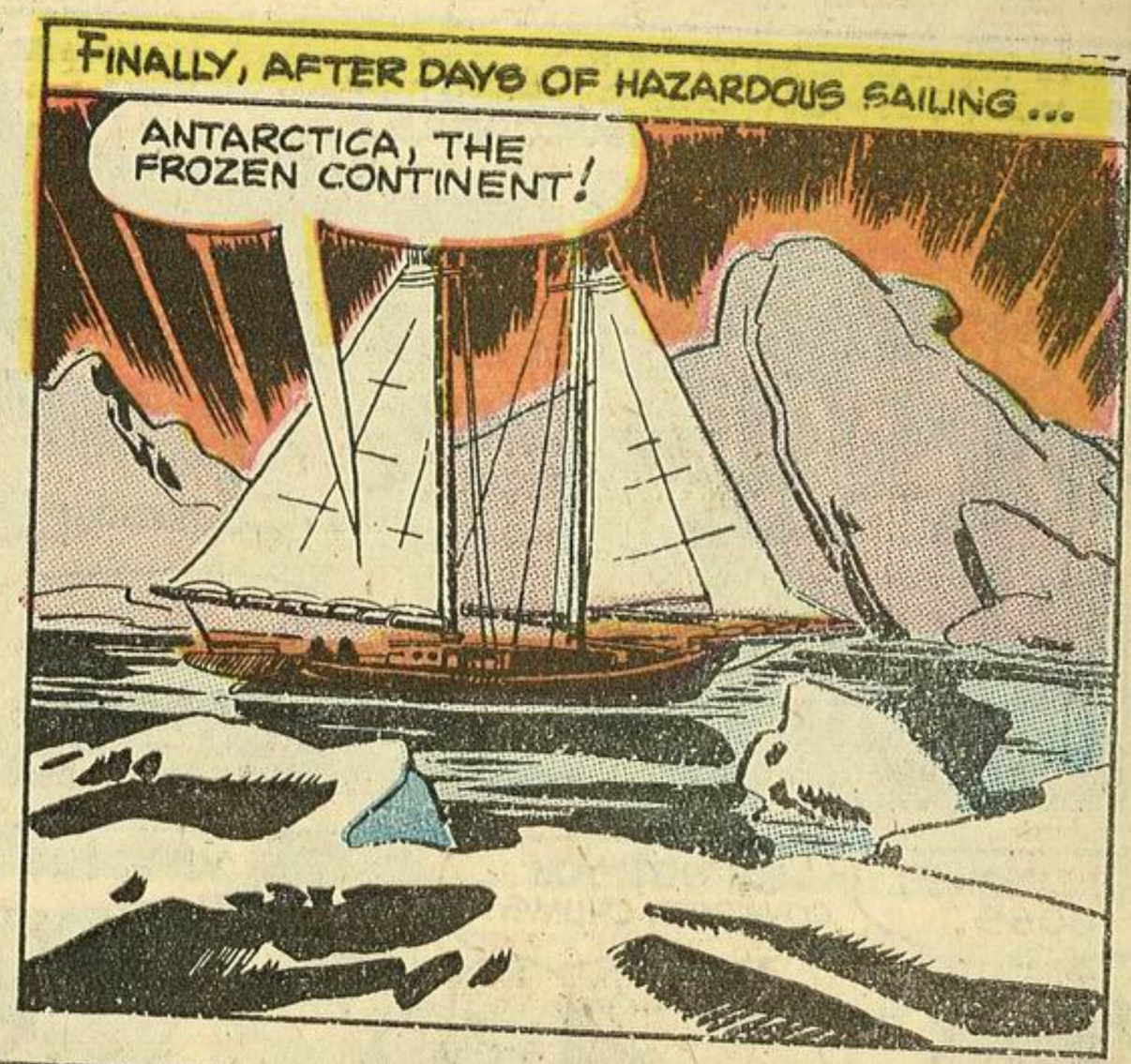
FAR TO THE SOUTH LIES THE BITTER BLEAKNESS OF ANTARCTICA, FROZEN AND LIFELESS, INHABITED ONLY BY PENGUINS! BUT IN A QUEST TO FIND SUCH BIRDS, LANCE O'CASEY AND MIKE BELLEW RUN ACROSS OTHER BIRDS---JAILBIRDS! SUCH IS THE STRANGE ADVENTURE AWAITING THE STARFISH AS IT SAILS FOR THE SOUTH POLE!

BANG! BANG! BANG! BANG!

CROOKS! CALL THE COPS! QUICK! WHERE'S THE NEAREST PHONE?

MIKE! THIS IS ANTARCTICA! NOBODY LIVES HERE!

TERRY AND THE PIRATES



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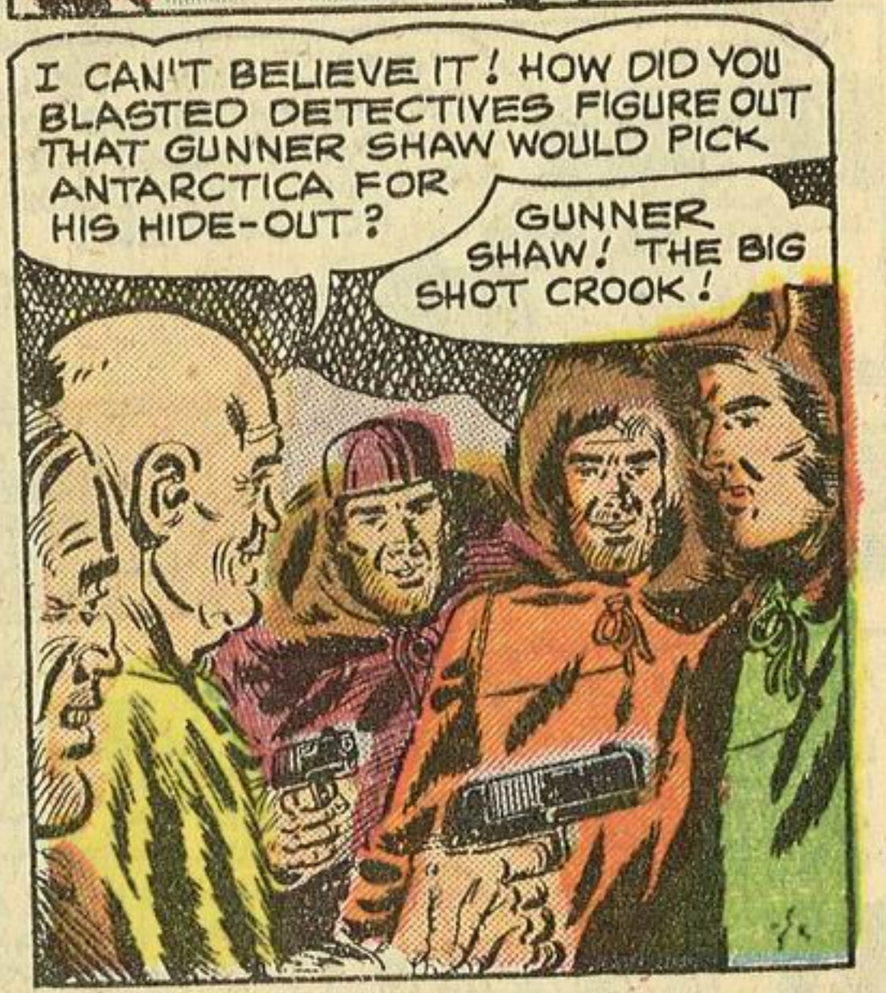

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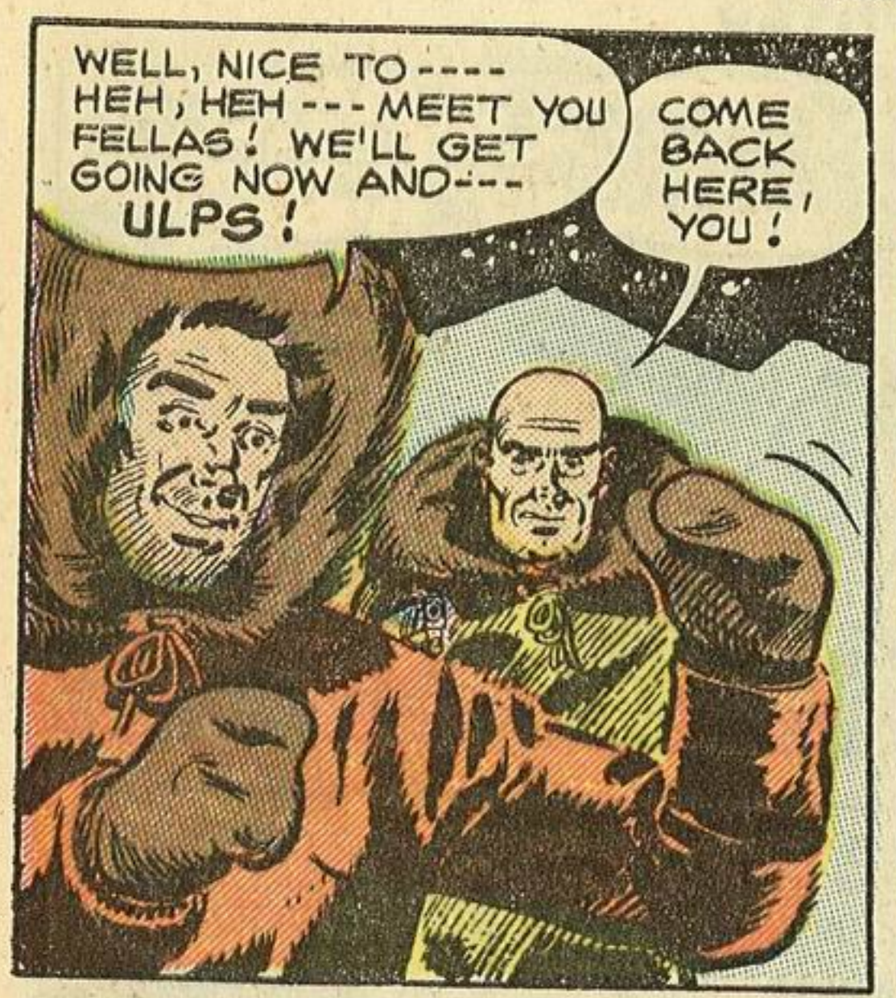

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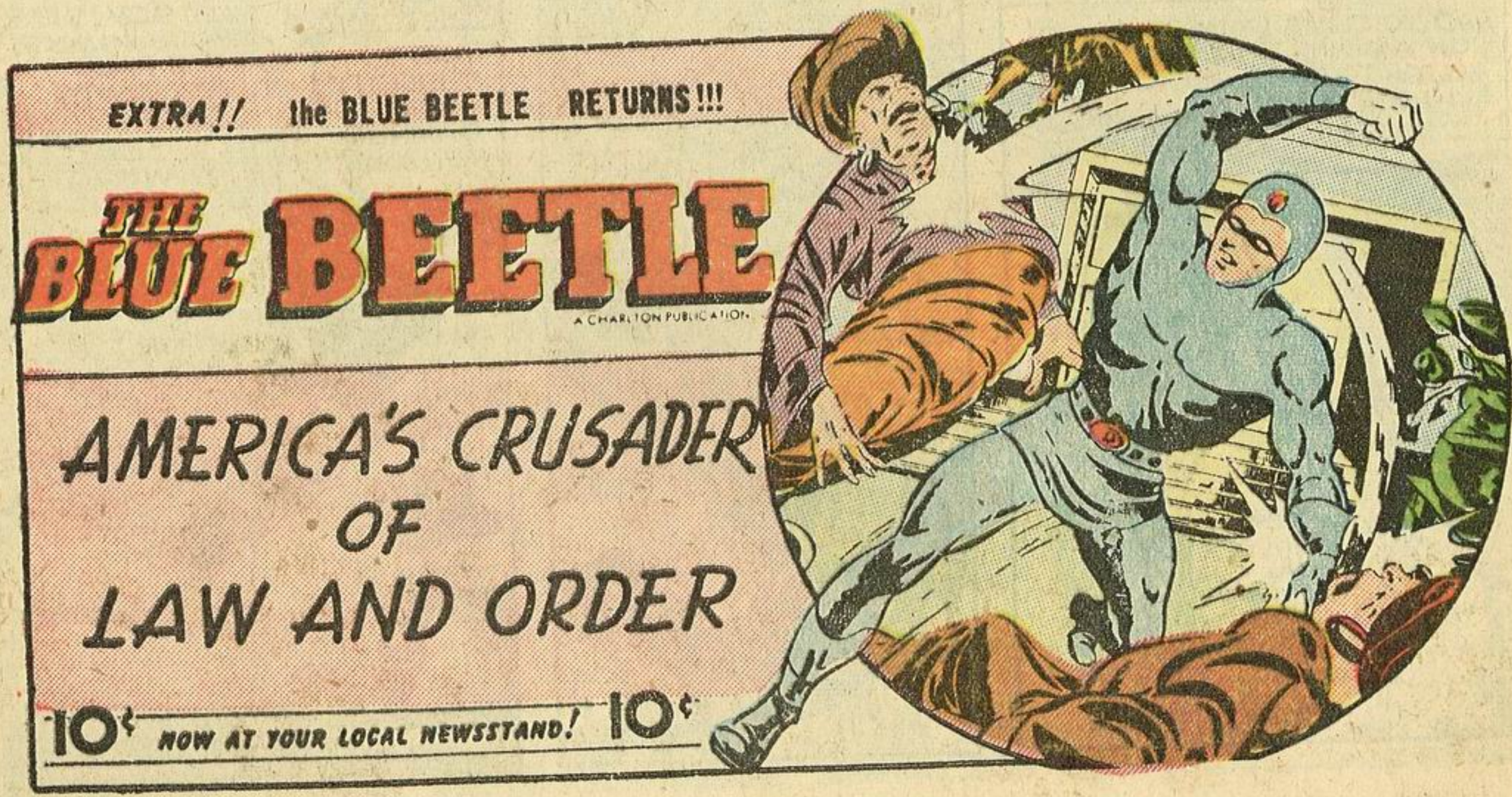

THE GRAND VIZIER'S REWARD

PROVING THAT FIGURES, WHICH NEVER LIE CAN BE DECEPTIVE

THE GRAND VIZIER'S REWARD

NOW THY WISH WILL BE GRANTED, MODEST SISSA. LET A GRAIN OF WHEAT BE PLACED ON THE FIRST SQUARE.

FOLLOWING THE KING'S COMMAND, THE NUMBER OF GRAINS OF WHEAT WAS DOUBLED ON EACH SQUARE. ALTHO THERE ARE APPROXIMATELY 5,000,000 GRAINS OF WHEAT TO THE BUSHEL, THE BAG WAS EMPTIED BEFORE THE 20TH SQUARE WAS FILLED !!!

OUR WHEAT STORES HAVE GIVEN OUT, YOUR MAJESTY, WE SHALL HAVE TO BORROW FROM THE GRANARIES OF SIND.

I HAVE PROMISED AND MY PROMISE **MUST** BE FULFILLED!

NAY, GRACIOUS MAJESTY, I RELEASE YOU FROM YOUR PLEDGE. MY REQUEST IS IMPOSSIBLE OF FULFILLMENT, FOR TO FILL THE 64 SQUARES WOULD REQUIRE 18,446,744,073,709,551,615 GRAINS OF WHEAT.

YES, WISE AND LEARNED VIZIER, YOU HAVE TAUGHT ME TO THINK TWICE BEFORE I MAKE PROMISES HEREAFTER.

HOW MUCH WHEAT DO YOU THINK THE KING HAD PROMISED TO THE GRAND VIZIER? WELL, ASSUMING 5,000,000 GRAINS TO THE BUSHEL, IT WOULD HAVE TAKEN 4,000,000,000,000 BUSHELS TO SATISFY SISSA BEN DAHIR'S REQUEST. THE WORLD PRODUCTION OF WHEAT IS ABOUT 2,000,000,000 BUSHELS A YEAR, SO ALL THE KING HAD SO BLITHELY GIVEN AWAY WAS THE WORLD'S WHEAT PRODUCTION FOR SOME 2,000 YEARS!

BEACHCOMBER'S BRIBE

The sun was high before the ragged figure under the coconut palm stirred and sat up. He rubbed sleep laden eyes and surveyed the dazzling beach in front of him, then turned and looked back to the native village in the clearing. The natives were already at work, drying copra and plaiting the palm leaves for mats and clothing.

Bill Wallace found a ripe coconut and expertly husked, then split the shell. He drank thristily and gouged out the sweet meat before he walked to the surf and shed his shirt, then dove in and took a quick swim.

They were waiting on the beach when he came out. The giant in front of the delegation, obviously the chief, held out his hand.

"Welcome to Tusagai! How did you come here?"

Bill looked him over and liked him. What he knew of Tusagai and its people was good. Now, meeting the chief, he smiled and shook hands warmly.

"Just drifted in, chief. Can I hang around a few days until a boat comes by? I won't bother your people."

The chief's big white teeth showed in a happy smile. "You 'Merican! No 'Merican here since Seabees in big war! Chase Jap, have doctors! Help up plant good crops! You stay maybe?"

The village showed signs of the Seabees, Bill thought, with a smile. A big watertank rose above the thatched roofs and some of the fishing boats had been made from discarded auxiliary plane tanks. He decided that the chief was an ally.

"Have you noticed any ships nearby recently, chief?" Bill asked as they walked toward the huts. A kid about five or six had his hand looking up at him as they walked. "It's important."

The chief pondered. "A sampan from the mainland passes near here once a week. It anchors off the wooded point over there." He waved eastward to the other side of the island. "It never lands. Iguari's people go out to it at night, I think. Iguari rules the village on the other side of the island. Not good. Dirty and the people are sick."

Bill thanked him and ate breadfruit and cooked fish. In the next two days he found the people friendly, the older lads recalling the kindness of the Americans who had based there during the second war. On the third night, lying on the beach, he saw the ship, a hugh sampan creep in through the night and anchor in close to the point.

It showed no lights. Bill made his way to the brush just above the beach and found a native coming out of the jungle a bulky drab box on his shoulder. Bill moved out and held him, cupping one palm over his mouth.

"Who hired you? Where are you taking that box?"

The native's eyes rolled and Bill removed his hand to let him speak.

"No hire! Men come with guns to Iguari and pay him! He tell us carry this or men in sampan destroy village! Iguari, he get money! Him chief!"

Bill nodded. The native sat on the box, waiting. "Where is Iguari now?"

The native looked up and shrugged. "With captain from sampan! In village."

Bill motioned to him for silence and followed the trail through the darkness of the jungle. He heard voices first, then saw the light of a fire as he rounded the last turn. By a fire, a hugh Maori sat crosslegged talking to a white man. They were eating and kids lingered nearby watching hungrily. Bill waited and listened.

"There's more guns in the old American warehouse, chief! I want 'em all! Can you make your men work till I get them all aboard?"

The chief showed rotting teeth in a horrible grin. "With guns I can, **tuan**! Warriors afraid of you and crew."

Bill reached beneath his ragged shirt and loosened the Browning, then he sauntered out into the circle of light. The tribesmen watched him come and the white man Bill knew to be Launsdorff stood up.

"Shove off, mister. It's not healthy here!"

A murmur came from the natives behind Iguari and suddenly the chief showed fear. Bill came closer.

"You won't get any guns, mister! The U.S. Navy overlooked them for a while but we'll be picking them up soon! You're under arrest!"

Launsdorff peered at him, his hand close to his gun. "You must be crazy! I own this tribe! I pay Iguari gold! Can you top that?"

Wallace laughed and motioned to a young warrior who leaped out grabbed the other's gun. Launsdorff looked around just as Iguari was held by two other young bucks.

"Okay, you win! But what did you buy them with? How much?"

He laughed as an elder of the tribe came to Bill and embraced him.

"No gold, Launsdorff — just kindness! I was a sailor here back in the war and I know these people! They'll never forget the difference between decency and force!"

OH, NO!... RYAN, YOU'RE CRACKING UP.
by GEORGE WUNDER